

COMIC
MEDIA

JUNE 10

SECRET AGENTS.. SPIES
ESPIONAGE.. INTRIGUE

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DANGER

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10c

SINISTER SPIES
ARABIAN CONSPIRACIES
V.S.
DUKE DOUGLAS
U.S. SECRET AGENT
"TROUBLE IN MOROCCO"



SON
MICK



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

OUTWARDLY IT WAS JUST A
REMOTE VILLAGE OF BERBERS,
ARABS AND MOORS, HAGGLING
AS THEY BOUGHT AND SOLD IN
THEIR MARKET PLACE. BUT
UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE A
STRANGE UNREST FORETOLD...

TROUBLE IN MOROCCO

GET HIM
CUT HIM
DOWN!!
UHNNN-N-N



IT WAS BECAUSE OF THAT
VERY SEMBLANCE OF UNREST,
THOSE VAGUE RUINORS OF
BREWING TROUBLE THAT THE
FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAD
ASKED THE STATE DEPART-
MENT FOR MY SERVICES!
I KNOW THE TONGUE OF THAT COUNTRY
AND THE PEOPLE, I CANNOT NAME THE
VILLAGE. IT IS SEALED IN THE SECRET
ARCHIVES OF THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT,
AND THOSE OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.
PRESENTLY YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY...

ALL QUIET AND
PEACEFUL HERE.
SHOULD BE ABOUT
TIME FOR SOMETHING
TO HAPPEN!

BOB
THICK

**'74
Fall
Win
\$100**

as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being a BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

in 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY. **YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH**

I won **NEW POPULARITY**

for money-making work!
for **WINNING** at all SPORTS!
for **NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS**
for **NEW CHANCES** for **BUSINESS SUCCESS**

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got

These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which **YOU** can **NOW** get **FREE**

001001 \$1 PRICE DOES WORK
Mailings Sold for \$1

YOU CAN WIN
a BIG 15' SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with **YOUR** NAME
engraved on it!

AFTER

He Mailed a Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed a Coupon

90 lbs.
180 lbs.

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
Coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRET"
Photo Book

YOU'LL ROCK, FILL,
OCY, like a Real
HE-MAN! With Women
and Men Fans!
Want to Specialize
Win Promotions,
Prizes, Popularity.

MAILING LIST
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
ZIP
10
PHOTO BOOK

GET
ALL 5
FREE

"I'M PROUD
to be
toss
with
Jim
NOW!
Every
body
admits
his build," says Melvin.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'd be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! Don't care how skinny or stubby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
weak to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do let you mail. I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of strong fellows
like YOU

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Dile Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see 1000s of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDER
broadened. from head to heel you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be a
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

LAST CHANCE ALL FREE COUPON

1. HE COURSE 2. MUSCLE MITIN

Photo Book at \$1.00 each

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
ZIP

HOW TO ORDER: 1. MAIL COUPON TO:
7700 WINTER ST., STE. 1010, S.F. 94120
Box 10000, 10000 S.F. 94120
2. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
3. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
4. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
5. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
6. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
7. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
8. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
9. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120
10. MAIL COUPON TO: 10000 S.F. 94120

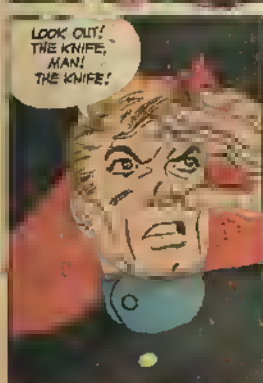
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
ZIP

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZE!

This BOOK will tell you how you can
WIN \$100.00 and a \$10.00 fall
PRIZE. ORDER NOW! NAME BOOK

IT WAS SIXTH SENSE, THAT HAS SAVED MY LIFE MANY TIMES, THAT CAUSED ME TO TURN JUST WHEN I DID!!



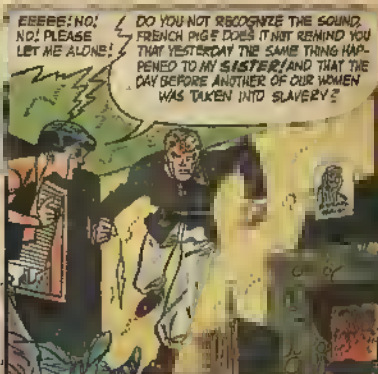
I WAS REALLY MAKING QUITE A START!!



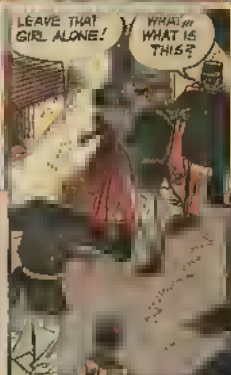
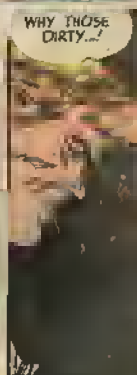
WHAT DO YOU CARE,
FRENCH PIG, IF MY
FATHER DIES?

I STUCK THE BOY'S REVOLVER IN MY BELT, I COULD SEE THAT TIME WAS ALL IMPORTANT!!





I HURRIED OUTSIDE, AND WHAT I FOUND I DID NOT ^{IN} COULD NOT BELIEVE! YET BEFORE MY EYES IT WAS HAPPENING ^{IN}



YOU ARE A DISGRACE
TO YOUR UNIFORM! WHO
ARE YOU? A COMMON
TROOPER DEFEYING MY
ORDERS!

CORPORAL JEAN D'ARCY, SIR,
REPORTING FROM COLONIAL
HEADQUARTERS TO GENERAL
PIDAUX!



ASSIGNED TO ME, EN? WELL,
YOU WILL NOT BE HERE FOR
LONG! I WILL SEE TO
THAT!

BIND HIM!
TAKE HIM
TO THE POST!



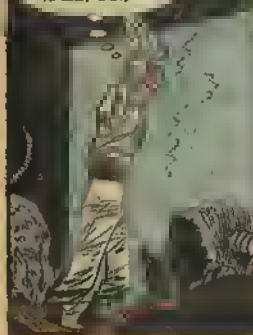
I WOULD NOT, COULD NOT, TAKE AN ACTIVE
PART IN PIDAUX'S STRANGE ACTIVITIES, GET-
TING MYSELF ARRESTED WAS THE NEXT BEST
WAY TO REACH THE POST, AN ANCHET SULTAN'S
PALACE, BUT NOW...



THIS IS IT, I GUESS
I'LL BE LEFT HERE TO
STARVE TO DEATH

AFTER A WHILE, MY EYES GOT USED
TO THE DARKNESS, AND I SAW THEM...
THE RATS, CLANKING THE EARTH, LIKE
RABBITS MAKING BURROWS...

IF I DIE, THEY'LL BE
AFTER ME LIKE THAT...
GOT TO GET OUT
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT!



IT LOOKED HOPELESS, UNTIL
I GOT TO INSPECTING THE
CHAINS FASTENING ME TO
THE WALL...

THEY'RE WEAK
CHAINS NOW...
RUSTED THIN!



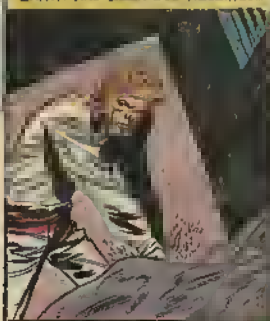
I TWISTED MY BODY, AROUND AND
AROUND, UNTIL THE SNACKLES CUT
INTO MY WRISTS. THEN...



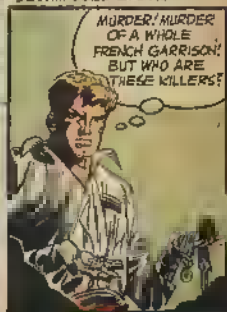
I WAS FREE AT LAST, AND
SUDDENLY I THOUGHT...



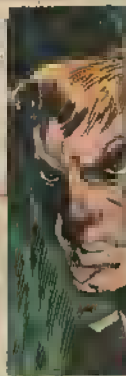
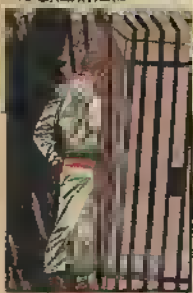
I BEGAN TO DIG FURIOUSLY WITH
MY HANDS. I REALIZED THAT THE
EARTH HAD BEEN DIG RECENTLY...



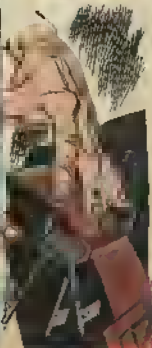
AND FINALLY I FOUND IT. THE
UNIFORM OF A FRENCH GEN-
ERAL, CONCEALING A PARTLY
DECOMPOSED BODY...



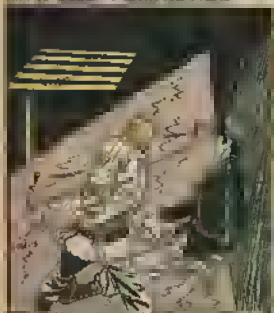
THE GUARD HAD THOUGHT I WAS ONLY STRUGGLING
AT THE CHAINS. HE DID NOT GUESS THAT I HAD
BROKEN THEM. I WAITED JUST INSIDE THE
DUNGEON GATE, AND I SCARCELY DARED
TO BREATHE...



I HAD TO WORK FAST. I COULD AFFORD NO MISTAKES...



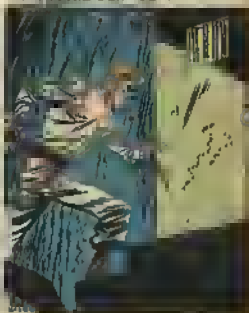
I OSMED THE GATE, HAULED THE GUARD INSIDE THE DUNGEON. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY BUT TO PUT HIM TO SLEEP PERMANENTLY.



I LEFT HIM WHERE I HAD BEEN STRUCK. IF ANYONE CAME THEY WOULD AT LEAST SEE THE PRISONER WAS STILL THERE UNLESS THEY LOOKED TOO CLOSELY.



CONTINUING VERY WITH HIS PRESENT SPEED, I MADE MY WAY UP THE DARK STONE STEPS LEADING FROM THE DUNGEON.



I WOUND QUIETLY THROUGH ENDLESS HALLS AND PASSAGES, AVOIDING GUARDS WITH MORE LUCK THAN CLEVERNESS UNTIL I CAME TO A DOOR. I PUSHED IT OPEN.



COME, CHILD! WHAT GOOD FOR YOU TO MOURN FOR YOUR LOVER, OR YOUR FAMILY? I CAN HAVE THEM PUT TO DEATH IF I ONLY SAY THE WORD! IT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU BEHAVE!



IT WAS THEN I STRUCK.

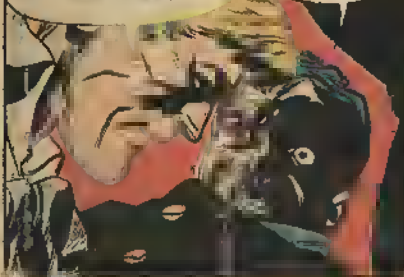
YOU KILLERS ARE HEADED FOR A WASH-OUT AS SOON AS I RADIO HEADQUARTERS! AS FOR YOU, I OUGHT TO STRANGLE YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!



LET ME GO, YOU CAPITALIST PIG! SOON THE COMRADES WILL COME! SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THEM!!

I'LL BE!! I GET IT! FRENCH COMRADES! YOU OBTAINED UNIFORMS. SURE THEY'D LET YOU IN!! NEW MEN, YOU WERE ENOUGH TO MURDER THE WHOLE POST. TAKE THEIR PLACES!!

OUI, PIG! THE VILLAGE WILL WELCOME THE COMRADES EH?



I PRESSED A NERVE CENTER. HIS KNEES FOLDED.

I KNEW RIGHT AWAY YOU WERE NOT PIRAUX! WHAT DO YOU THINK THE SOVIETS WILL DO WITH YOU WHEN THEY TAKE OVER? THEY'LL SLIT YOUR THROATS!

EH? NON! NON!



I SAW FEAR COME INTO THE FRENCH
MAYOR'S FACE, AS HE REALIZED
WHAT HE KNEW WAS THE TRUTH...
BUT HE STARTED TO STRUGGLE,
AND...

HELP!!
HELP!!
UHHNNNNNN

I WORKED FURIOUSLY AT THE
RADIO TRANSMITTER.

OPERATOR X CALLING
COLONIAL HEADQUARTERS!
SEND HELP, QUICKLY,
TREASON AT OUTPOST!!

QUICK!! LOOK!!
LOOK!!

SOLDIERS!
SOLDIERS!

I SWUNG AT THEM WITH EVERYTHING
I HAD, BUT IT WAS — USE!!

THEY COULD HAVE MURDERED
ME, BUT THEIR LEADER WAS
OUT COLD, AND THEY DARED
NOT DO IT ON THEIR OWN,
BUT TWO HOURS LATER...

READY!!
AIM!!
...???

THAT SOUND!!
ABOVE!!
IT'S IN IT'S IN

PARATROOPS!

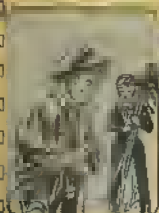
THE FRENCH HAD GOTTEN MY MESSAGE. I DON'T
THINK I HAVE EVER SEEN A MORE WELCOME
SIGHT.

THE FRENCH COLONIALS SOON SWARMED THE PALACE.
THOSE FRENCH TROOPS WHO HAD NOT BEEN KILLED WERE
SOON ROUNDED UP. IT HAD BEEN A VICIOUS PLOT, AND
NO ONE KNOWS HOW FAR THE REDS WOULD HAVE GONE
— ESPECIALLY WITH THEIR PROPAGANDA. BUT NOW THE
AIRBORNE TROOPS WERE UNFASTENING MY BONDS.
THE TROUBLE IN MOROCCO WAS AT AN END.

IT WAS ONE PROUD DAY FOR ME WHEN I GOT THE JOB WITH WORLDVIEW NEWSREEL AS ASSISTANT TO THE GREAT TEX ANDERSON. BUT SOON I FOUND MYSELF COVERING ALL THE DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS WHILE TEX GOOFED. THAT'S NOT GOOD, I KNOW, BUT IT FORCED ME TO BECOME A TOPFLIGHT CAMERAMAN.

I COVER THE NEWSFRONT

TAKE THAT TIME TEX CALLED AT 2AM ABOUT A FIRE AT PIER 15 AND NEVER SHOWED UP TO COVER IT...



BUT LET'S GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING. I THOUGHT I WAS HOT STUFF WITH A CAMERA WHEN I LANDED THE WORLDVIEW JOB. BUT I WANTED A CHANCE TO LEARN MORE...FROM A GUY LIKE TEX ANDERSON...

DICK HANLEY EXT WELCOME TO WORLDVIEW. WE'LL GET ALONG OKAY, IF YOU'RE ON YOUR TOES.

YOU WON'T BE SORRY, I'LL PROMISE THAT!



IT WAS A SOFT ASSIGNMENT, THAT FIRST DAY: THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE. BILL COYNE, THE NEWS EDITOR, HAD PROBABLY ARRANGED IT THAT WAY. I SET UP ALL OF TEX'S EQUIPMENT ON HIS "TRUCK"



TAKE THE SMALL CAMERA UP ON THE SCAFFOLD, DICK, GET A FEW LONG SHOTS. WILL YOU?



I WAS PLEASED AND PRETTY PROUD, HERE ON THE VERY FIRST DAY OUT TEX WAS GIVING ME A BREAK; I GAVE THE JOB EVERYTHING I HAD, PICKING MY SHOTS WITH CARE, GETTING ALL THE ANGLES JUST RIGHT!



THERE WERE TO BE MANY OTHER ASSIGNMENTS WITH TEX IN WHICH I WAS TO GET THE "BREAKS," IN TRUTH I SOON FOUND OUT, I WAS DOING ALL THE WORK...

AT CHURCHILL DOWNS, WHILE TEX WAS IN THE CLUBHOUSE, I "SHOT" THE KENTUCKY DERBY...



AND THERE WAS A BIG DOCK FIRE. I CHARTERED THE BOAT MYSELF, ANDERSON NEVER SHOWED UP AT ALL!

IT WAS I ALONE WHO COVERED THE PRISON RIOT IN A MIDWESTERN STATE...



OH, HE GAVE ME PLENTY OF PRAISE, "WHY WOULDN'T HER?" I THOUGHT.

YOU'RE DOING OKAY, DICK. BOY, KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL HIT THE BIG TIME ONE OF THESE DAYS!



I TOLD NORA HOW THINGS STOOD.

I'M DOING IT ALL, AND ANDERSON GETS THE CREDIT! NOBODY KNOWS I'M ALIVE!

PLEASE DON LET IT MAKE YOU BITTER DARLING! I'LL BET YOU'VE EVEN FORGOTTEN THAT TOMORROW'S OUR FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.



NEXT EVENING...

OH... LET IT RING, DICK! THIS IS OUR NIGHT!

I'D SURE LIKE TO, BUT I... GUESS I'D BETTER ANSWER IT!



YEAH TEX, YOU SAY
YOU WANT TO START
RIGHT AWAY FOR
THE WEST? THE
CUP RACES? WELL...
OKAY.

OH.. OH.
DICK!

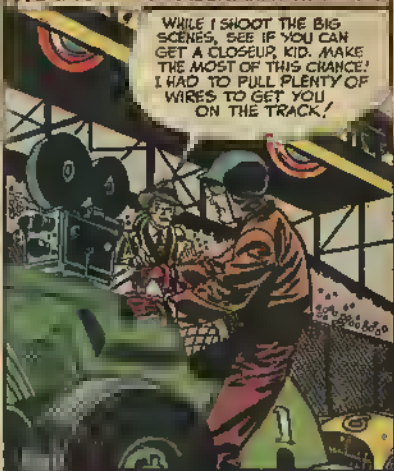


ALL MY GRIPING WAS DONE BETWEEN
ASSIGNMENTS, NEVER DURING THEM.
MY ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET GOOD
ACTION SHOTS. I CIRCLED ONCE...
JOCKEYING FOR POSITION. THEN...

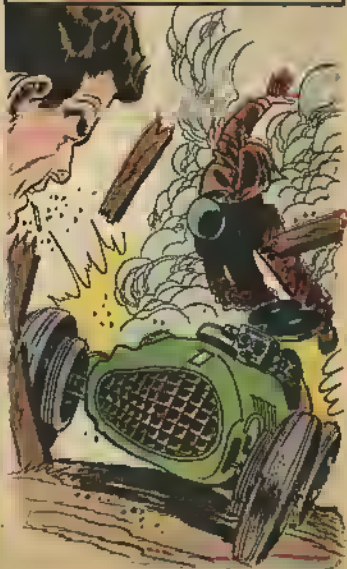


WE CAUGHT A PLANE OUT THAT NIGHT, THEN...

WHILE I SHOOT THE BIG
SCENES, SEE IF YOU CAN
GET A CLOSEUP, KID. MAKE
THE MOST OF THIS CHANCE!
I HAD TO PULL PLENTY OF
WIRES TO GET YOU
ON THE TRACK!



SO INTENT WAS I ON THE "SHOT" THAT
I DIDN'T SEE THE RAIL COMING UP TO
MEET ME. WHEN I JAMMED ON THE
BRAKES, IT WAS TOO LATE...



I WOKE IN THE HOSPITAL, SORE AND BRUISED, BUT WITH OUT A SINGLE BROKEN LIMB. TEX WAS ALREADY THERE AT MY BEDSIDE.



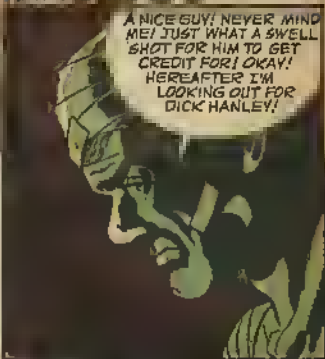
AND WHAT WAS THE FIRST THING HE SAID...

DICK, BOY, WE SAVED THE FILM! WHAT A SWELL SHOT! WAIT UNTIL BILL COYNE SEES IT!



AFTER TEX HAD LEFT...

A NICE GUY! NEVER MIND ME! JUST WHAT A SWELL SHOT FOR HIM TO GET CREDIT FOR! OKAY! HEREAFTER I'M LOOKING OUT FOR DICK HANLEY!



I GOT WELL SAFT AND HIDDEN MY TIME SECRETLY MADE PREPARATIONS. THEN ONE MARCH SUNDAY...

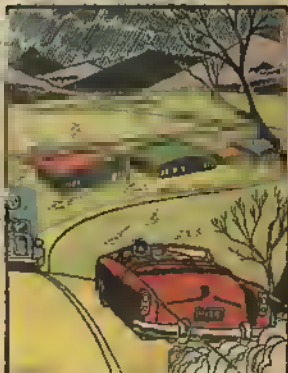
DARLING, TEX IS FRANTIC. HE CALLED WHILE YOU WERE OUT... ABOUT A TERRIBLE FLOOD DISASTER!



LOOK, HONEY, CALL HIM UP, TELL HIM I JUST CAME IN... WITH THE FLU... OR PNEUMONIA... OR ANYTHING!

I HAD ALREADY ORDERED A PLANE AT MY OWN EXPENSE. I LOST NO TIME GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY PILOT. I WOULD SELL THE FILMS TO

COMETITOR... WITH A BY-LINE! DIRTY? SURE! BUT I'D BEEN A SUCKER LONG ENOUGH!



HELP ME LOAD MY STUFF INTO THE PLANE, WILL YOU? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S COOKING AFTER THAT!

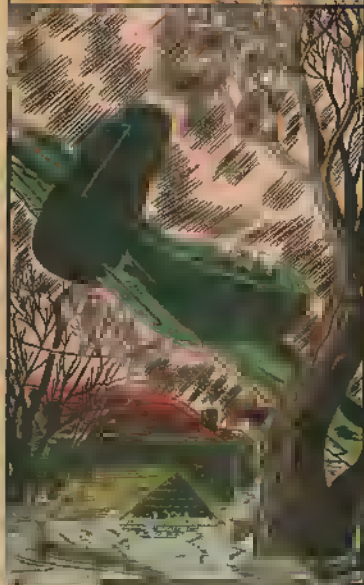
OKAY, MR. HANLEY.



I THRILLED INWARDLY AS I FELT THE LITTLE CRAFT LEAVE THE GROUND. IN A FEW HOURS I WOULD BE MAKING HISTORY... WITH MY OWN BY-LINE!



THEN FINALLY I WAS OVER THE FLOOD
AREA ITSELF. NEVER HAD I TAKEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT! I COULD FEEL THE TERROR,
THE DARK POETRY OF NATURE'S BLACK-
EST MOOD. I WORKED LIKE ONE POS-
SESSED, LOSING ALL SENSE OF TIME."



BETTER
TAKE HER
DOWN FOR
A REFUEL
JOB!

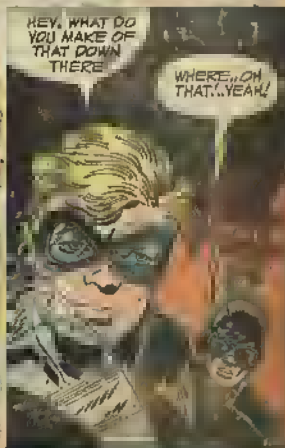
JUST ONE MORE
SHOT, PILOT! I
MAY NEVER
GET ANOTHER
LIKE THIS IN A
LIFETIME! CIRCLE
THE AREA
ONCE MORE!

NICE
GOING
PILOT!
TAKE
HER
AWAY!

ROGER!

HEY, WHAT DO
YOU MAKE OF
THAT DOWN
THERE

WHERE, OH
THAT...YEAH!



IT'S AN ARMY JOB...
CALLED A "CLOUD CAR"
A CABLE IS ATTACHED
TO THAT PLANE UP
ABOVE! ARMY IS
OBSERVING THE
FLOOD CONDITIONS,
I SUPPOSE!

I'LL DO MY PHOTO-
GRAPHING, THIS WAY!
AT LEAST HERE WE
CAN BAIL OUT, BUT
IF THAT WIRE
BREAKS... IT'S
CURTAINS!



LISTEN, ENGINE'S
MISSING! FASTEN
YOUR CHUTE ON, MR.
HANLEY, WE MAY BE
DOING JUST THAT!

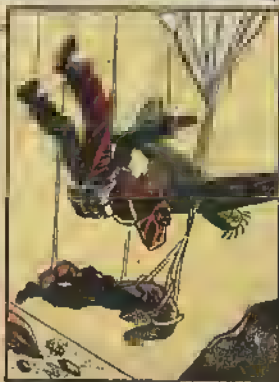
YOU'VE GOT
TO MAKE IT
BACK, PILOT!
I JUST CAN'T
LOSE THESE
PICTURES!



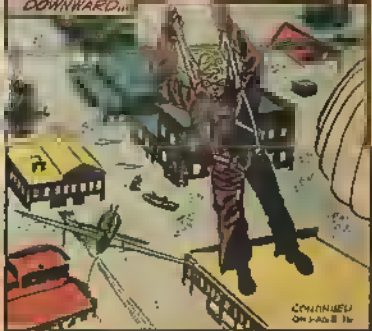
SORRY,
MR. HANLEY!



I TRIED
DESPERATE-
LY TO SAVE
MY FILMS...
BUT THERE
WAS NO
CHANCE...
I HAD TO
BAIL OUT,
WRITE
FINISH
TO EVERY
THING...



WITH A FEELING OF NUMBNESS I WATCH-
ED THE PLANE AND ALL MY HOPES ZOOM
DOWNWARD...



CONTINUED
ON PAGE 14

SENSATIONAL RESULTS REPORTED IN CURBING

PIMPLES

BLACKHEADS, ACNE AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN BLEMISHES

**CLINICAL TESTS SHOW
100% SUCCESS**

**HERE ARE THE
AMAZING TEST RESULTS**

in 45 cases the pimple condition
was completely cured
in 38 cases the pimple condition
was greatly improved
in 17 cases the pimple condition
was noticeably improved

**100% success — in every tested
case of pimples**

Actual clinical tests of 100 acne patients, with a new twin-action method and formula—show that the acne at pimples were decidedly improved or completely arrested in every single case tested!

Recently, a leading medical journal published the results of exhaustive tests on the treatment of acne. 100 young men and women patients—suffering from acne condition of their skin—were carefully selected from four leading hospitals and clinics. All the patients were questioned and advised on personal hygiene, dietary, cosmetic and postural habits, and other aggravating factors.

As part of the prescribed treatment, a new skin formula was tried. The immediate effect of the formula, was to cover up the pimples and blemishes, and make the skin appear smoother, clearer instantly! With this formula it was possible to maintain active treatment during the day as well as at night.

The result, as satisfying as it was, is warrant its being reported to the entire medical world in a leading doctor's journal:

**The Acne Was Decidedly Improved or
Completely Arrested In All Cases!**

Imagine that 100% success! Every case of acne helped!

With the publication of these phenomenal results Ward Laboratories' chemists immediately reproduced the same formula, used so successfully in these tests, for you use at home. The general instructions given to each of these hospital patients are also included so that the home treatment parallels the one reported giving those remarkable results. This amazing Ward's Skin Formula is now available for you. No matter what you have used—no matter how skeptical you are—you may at last put this wonderful treatment to the test in your own case—NOW!

Maybe you're among those who have tried every kind of skin preparation without success—maybe you are skeptical as to what Ward's Skin Formula in the preparation you have been waiting for.

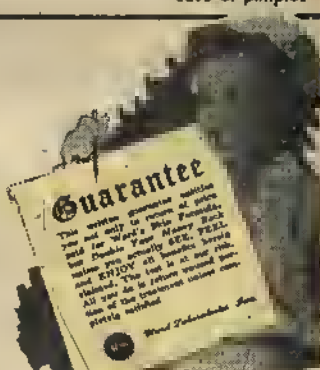
Either way don't delay—you have everything to gain at no risk, because our Guarantee Policy assures return of Double Your Money Back unless you are delighted with the results of the complete Ward's Skin Treatment. So fill out and mail the coupon—NOW. Full 60-day supply only two dollars—about 3c a day.

**Better than a Free
Trial! You get re-
sults, or we refund
DOUBLE YOUR
MONEY BACK**

ACT NOW!

Send COUPON TODAY For
Sensational No-Risk Offer!

SEND NO MONEY!



SEND THIS NO RISK COUPON NOW!

WARD LABORATORIES INC.
18 West 45 Street, New York 18, N.Y.

Please rush 60-day supply of Ward's Skin Formula in plain wrapper at once. I will pay \$8.00 plus postage on delivery. I must be delighted with results or you guarantee **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** on return of unused portion.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ Save Money! Follow \$1.00 (Cash, Check or Money Order) and we pay postage. Some states require other labels. APO, MPO, Canada and foreign please add 50c—see C.O.D.s

AND THEN THE PLANE LANDED IN THE SWIRLING WATERS, TUMBLING OVER AND OVER AND DISINTEGRATING RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES...



WE LANDED SAFELY ENOUGH, BUT MY ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET AWAY, TO ESCAPE THE AWFUL HUMILIATION THAT WOULD RESULT FROM DISCOVERY IF I SHOULD BE CAUGHT...



WE GOT AWAY, NOW, IS UNIMPORTANT. IN THE COURSE OF A FEW HOURS I WAS ABLE TO CHARTER A PLANE HOME, I WENT TO BED, THIS TIME, REALLY! IT WAS THE NEXT MORNING WHEN...

IT WAS TEX. HE WANTS YOU TO GET WELL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET TO THE STUDIO, TOMORROW.

FOR THE AXE! OKAY, I CAN TAKE IT, I'LL BE THERE!



I HAD LATE GETTING TO WORLDVIEW THE NEXT MORNING. THE GIRL AT THE DESK TOLD ME TO GO TO THE VIEWING ROOM... FILM HAD JUST FLASHED ON THE SCREEN...



IT WAS ALL THERE... EVERYTHING I HAD PHOTOGRAPHED... ONLY BETTER... A HUNDRED TIMES BETTER THAN I COULD HAVE DONE. I WAS IN A DAZE WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON. THE PRESIDENT WAS SPEAKING...

A MARVELOUS JOB, DICK. TEX SAID YOU HAD THE STUFF! THIS PROVES IT. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A FULL-PLEGDED PHOTOGRAPHER FOR US FROM NOW ON!



YOU DID THAT, TEX, FOR ME!

WHY NOT? YOU HAD IT COMING! I WAS GOING TO GRADUATE YOU WITH THIS ONE ANYWAY. EVEN MANAGED TO GET THE ARMY TO LET US HAVE A CLOUD CAMP!



I'VE GONE A LONG WAY SINCE THAT LESSON, I'M BREAKING IN A KID MYSELF NOW. HE'S JUST AS COCKY AS I WAS, AND I'M MAKING IT JUST AS TOUGH FOR HIM AS TEX DID FOR ME. FOR I'VE LEARNED IT ISN'T THE PHOTOGRAPHY THAT'S THE MOST DIFFICULT TO LEARN... IT'S DEVELOPING STEEL NERVES... AND YOU GET THEM ONLY BY GOING THROUGH THE MILL!



HE WAS MY GUARRY. AT LAST I WAS READY TO STRIKE. BUT HIS WAS A FANATICAL MISSION. THERE WOULD BE NO TRIAL NOW, IT SEEMED. NOT UNLESS YOU COULD CALL THIS DISASTER BEFORE ME!!!

TRIAL BY FIRE

WHO WOULD HAVE WANTED TO MURDER A NICE GUY LIKE GERALD STANLEY, DOUGLAS? IT IS MURDER, WOULDNT YOU SAY?

IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE IT, CHIEF. A MAN'S NOT LIKELY TO DRIVE HIS CAR UP TO A HAYSTACK AND SET IT Afire.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE MY CASE AGAINST STANLEY HAS GONE UP IN SMOKE!

I WATCHED THE FLAMING STACK MELT AWAY THE CAR'S METAL AND GRADUALLY DISAPPEAR IN THE FLAME. THEN I DROVE BACK TO MY UPSTATE RESORT HOTEL!!!

WHO? WHO? WE WOULD NOT HAVE DONE IT THAT WAY, AND HIS OWN BROTHER RATS PROBABLY DIDN'T.



THE HEAP WAS NOT COLD ENOUGH FOR "FINE COMBING" UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING. WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A LIVING MAN WAS NOW A SMALL PILE OF CARBON BLACK BONES!!!

DON'T MISS A THING BOYS, SIFT EVERY OUNCE OF ASH. WE'VE GOT TO FIND GERALD STANLEY'S KILLER! WE'VE GOT TO!



BILL DODD

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CHANGES
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BUYER'S GUILD, Inc., Woodbridge, N. J., Dept. 9806

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Woodbridge, New Jersey**

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Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE!** Send \$9.45 (includes 12 watches and we pay shipping). Same 10-Day Trial and Money-Back Guarantee!

CHIEF GRANGER WAS A NICE GUY WHO BELIEVED I WAS A COP ON A VACATION FROM THE CITY. HE LET ME IN ON THE INVESTIGATION, EVEN INTO THE POLICE LAB AT THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

WHEN THE WHOLE FRONT LOWER JAW SHOWS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE THAT THE VICTIM HAD NO TEETH!

I WONDERED HOW MUCH I COULD LET GRANGER IN ON. I WOULD HAVE TO WORK FAST. I'D NEED HIS HELP IF I COULD RISK IT. I CALLED ON HIM.

WHY GERALD STANLEY WAS OUR MOST RESPECTED CITIZEN, DOUGLAS. WHY DO YOU ASK ABOUT HIM?

WONDERING IF HE WORE FALSE TEETH. THERE WERE NO PIECES IN THE ASHES.



THE CHIEF DIDN'T KNOW, BUT HE SENT ME TO THE TOWN'S ONLY DENTIST, A DR. CORNELL.

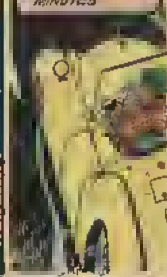
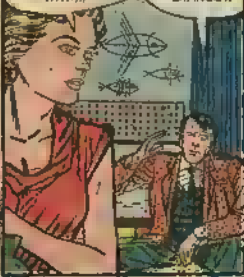
YES, MR. STANLEY HAD A VERY FINE SET OF HIS OWN TEETH. I FILLED A CAVITY ONLY LAST WINTER!

I NEXT MADE A CALL ON STANLEY'S WIFE. HIS WAS NOT THE TYPICAL FARMHOUSE, AND MRS. STANLEY WAS NOT THE TYPICAL FARMER'S WIFE. BUT THEN, I HAD KNOWN HE CALLED HIMSELF A GENTLEMAN FARMER.

WHY, I BELIEVE, GERALD HIRED HIS HANDS FROM AN AGENCY IN THE CITY, MR. DOUGLAS, WHAT WAS THAT TO DO WITH?

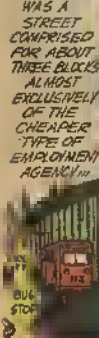
JUST RUNNING DOWN ALL POSSIBLE CLUES, MRS. STANLEY.

IT WAS A TWENTY MILE DRIVE TO THE NEAREST UPSTATE AIRPORT. I MADE IT IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.



IN THE CITY "SKID ROW" WAS A STREET COMPRISED FOR ABOUT THREE BLOCKS ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY OF THE CHEAPER TYPE OF EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO START



IT WAS A LONG CHANCE, BROTHER. WHAT A LONG CHANCE, AND FOR THREE HOURS.

STANLEY? NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

NO!

NO DICE, MISTER. NOTHING ON OUR RECORDS.

SORRY!

NO!

NO.

NO NOTHING



HEY WAIT! GERALD STANLEY! YEAH
UPSTATE A MEDIUM TALL GUY, A
 LITTLE STOUT, HE GOT A FILE ON
 HIM, I THINK, IN A FEW DAYS
 AGO.

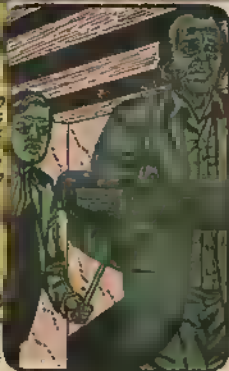
GET IT
 OUT, WILL
 YOU?



AN OLD DERELICT, IN ABOUT ALL HE EVER HIRED, THE
 GUY GAVE HIS NAME AS HENRY JONES. MAYBE IT
 WAS, MAYBE NOT. FIVE FEET TEN, A HUNDRED
 AND EIGHTY-FIVE POUNDS, BALD, NO TEETH!!!



THINGS BE-
 GAN TO FALL
 IN PLACE AS
 THE AGENCY
 MAN TALKED.
 I COULD VIS-
 UALIZE GERALD
 STANLEY TAKING
 THE MAN TO HIS
 FARM, MAYBE
 TAKING HIM TO
 THE TOOLSHED
OR PERHAPS
 STANLEY NOW
 REACHED
 SOMETHING
 LIKE A CROW-
 BAR, WHILE
 JONES' BACK
 WAS TURNED.



HE COULD HAVE BASHED THE
 MAN'S SKULL, NOT ENOUGH WAS
 FOUND IN THE FIRE TO TELL HE



THEN HE COULD HAVE PUT
 THE BODY IN HIS CAR.



THEN HE
 COULD HAVE
 SET A CANDLE
 IN A PILE OF
 RAY AT THE
 FOOT OF THE
 STACK. IT
 WOULD GIVE
 HIM TIME TO
 MAKE A
 GETAWAY
 INTO THE
 NIGHT.



AND THERE
 IT WOULD BE.
 AN INNOCENT
 MAN IN HIS
 FUNERAL
 PYRE. MEAN-
 WHILE STANLEY
 WOULD HAVE
 HAD TIME TO
 GET AWAY,
 PROBABLY
 BY HOPPING
 A FREIGHT.
 TOO MUCH
 CHANCE OF
 HIS BEING
 RECOGNIZED
 AT A
 RAILROAD
 STATION
 OR AIRPORT.



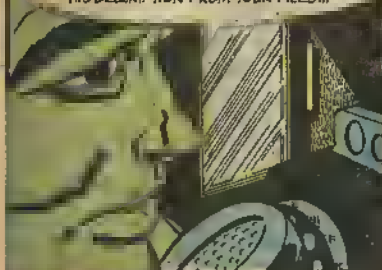
I NEXT WENT TO A PHONE BOOTH AND CALLED WASHINGTON.

THEN I WENT TO THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

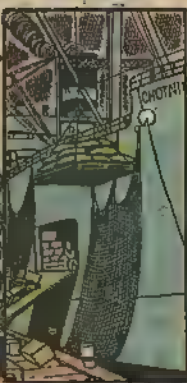
HELLO, CHIEF, HAVE YOUR MEN WATCH ALL BIG OVERSEAS AIRFIELDS FOR STANLEY, HE MAY BE TAKING A POWDER UNDER ANOTHER NAME. OUT OF OUR REACH, YOU CAN FILL IN HIS DESCRIPTION FROM YOUR FILES.

THE ONLY SATELLITE SHIP TO DOCK HERE IN THE LAST WEEK IS THE "CHOTNIK," CLEARS PORT TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.

THANKS
THANKS
A LOT.



AND NO ONE NOTICED ME, ESPECIALLY AS I GRABBED A TRUCK OF LUGGAGE AND PUSHED IT TOWARD THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.



SWEATING SWEATERS PAID NO ATTENTION TO ME.



NOR DID THEY NOTICE ME AS I CLIMBED OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND A OF LEGS.



AT TWO
MINUTES PAST
MIDNIGHT
THE BIG SHIP
FREE OF HER
MOORINGS
CHURNED
THE BLACK
WATERS
AND EASED

THE CHANNEL.



THERE WAS
MUCH TO BE
DONE AND
IT HAD TO BE
DONE BY
THE SHIP
PASSED OUT
OF THE
HARBOR,
AFTER THAT
TOO LATE.



THIS GUY WILL DO AN OFFICER.
LOOKS LIKE THE SHIP'S FIRST
OFFICER.

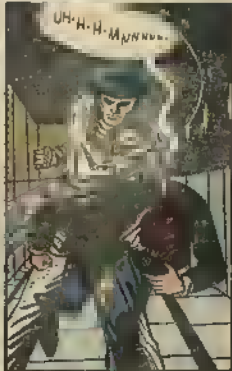


WHA-
UBNNNNN

SORRY, BUD, BUT
THIS HAS TO BE
DONE.



UH-H-H-MNNNN.



THIS PLACE SHOULD KEEP HIM
QUITE SAFE BUT I HOPE I'M
NOT ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!



IT HAD
HAPPENED
SWIFTLY.
NO ONE
SAWED
UP.



THAT'S THE CAPTAIN UP ON
THE BRIDGE, TALKING WITH
THE MAN AT THE WHEEL. SURE
HOPE HE STAYS THERE.



BECAUSE
THE CAPTAIN'S
CABIN WAS
WHERE I
WAS HEADING.
MY WHOLE
CRAZY SCHEME
HINGED ON
WHAT WAS
BEHIND
THAT DOOR.
I HAD TO
BE RIGHT.
I HAD
TO!



THE DOOR WAS NOT LOCKED. I SWUNG IT OPEN AND DREW MY AUTOMATIC. EVEN BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I WOULD

WHILE YOU!

BETTER GET ENOUGH. NOW YOU'RE NOT ONLY WANTED FOR HEADING THE BIG RED SPY RING! YOU'RE ALSO WANTED FOR THE MURDER OF AN OLD DERELICT NAMED JONES!

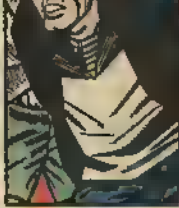
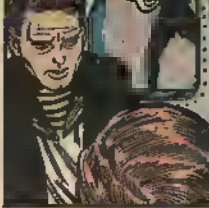
YES, MY HUNCH HAD WORKED. I WAS BEGINNING TO CONGRATULATE MYSELF.

YOU DARN NEAR MADE IT. ANOTHER HOUR AND WE COULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED YOU!

THERE IS THE STUPID CAPTAIN. THE ONE WHO STOLE MY CLOTHES, CAPTAIN!

I HAD NOT HIT THE FIRST OFFICER HARD ENOUGH.

WE WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE PIG!



I KNEW THEN WHAT I DID WAS THE DIFFERENCE OF LIFE OR DEATH FOR ME

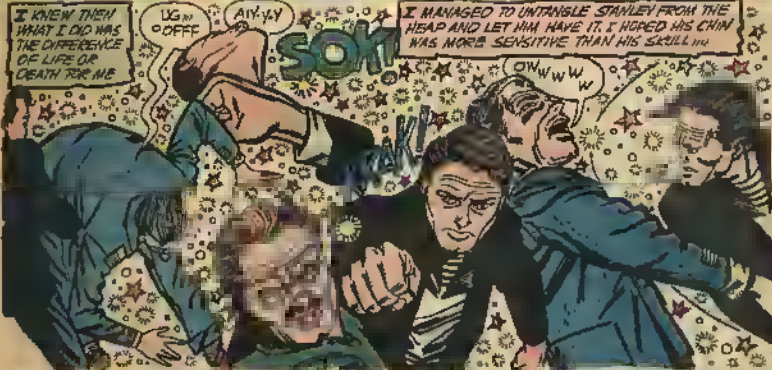
UG OH OFF

ANY WAY

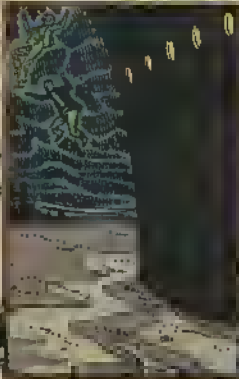
SO

I MANAGED TO UNTANGLE STANLEY FROM THE HEAP AND LET HIM HAVE IT. I HOPED HIS CHIN WAS MORE SENSITIVE THAN HIS SKULL

OWWWW



FOR AN INSTANT THE CAPTAIN AND HIS OFFICER WERE STUNNED. IT GAVE ME JUST THE LEAD I NEEDED. I CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS STANLEY TO THE DECK AND HUNG HIM TO HIM, FOLLOWED HIM OVERBOARD



IT WAS AFTER I HAD HIT THE WATER WITH MY PREY, THAT THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHOTNIK PULLED HIS BIGGEST ERROR. HE ORDERED THE SPOT LIGHTS ON US



IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN BETTER. ALONE I MIGHT HAVE DOWNED LUG. GIVING THE BIG MAN A SHORE FOR HE WAS HEAVY AND THE CURRENT WAS POWERFUL. BUT NOW I SAW OUR OWN HARBOR PATROL BOATS ROARING TOWARD US. I HAD STANLEY ALIVE. HE WOULD TALK. PLENTY BEFORE GOING TO THE CHAIR.

THE END



I was early at the Pentagon. I did not expect the office to be open, but it was. I entered. There was an empty stillness about the place. No one had arrived, so far as I could see. Each chair of the large outer office was neat before the vacant desk. The door's being open meant only one thing: Allan Burns, the old fox, in charge of this great liaison office, clearing house for information between the many American embassies and consulates throughout the world, was already at his desk.

A creaking door opened to a private corridor, and the corridor to another door that squeaked as I pushed it and entered the outer office, where Burns's several secretaries carried out the many minor decisions of his important office. Then the final creaking led to the office of the old man himself. The doors were part of the system Burns set up against intrusion of his privacy. With his hearing just slightly dulled, he kept the hinges creaking-dry. I grinned as I pushed that final door open, because I was thinking of how the crafty old fellow, with all his eccentricities, kept a record of more state secrets than any other division of government, aside from the executive mansion itself. The smile disappeared from my face at once, however, as soon as I entered the office.

Allan Burns was dead at his desk!

His head lay in a pool of blood upon the glass top. The blood had not yet fully congealed. In his lifeless hand the old man clutched a nickel-plated .38 revolver. It seemed incongruous that the person who had such control over so much, could have been a suicide. Yet, there he was, as dead as he would ever be. I thought: *If I had only come even earlier, I might have stopped it!*

A door to the left led into the large office of William Sickle, assistant to the old man. I went through it, hoping somehow that he might have come in after I did. But the office was vacant and silent.

It was a job for the police, I knew, but not yet. Because Burns had phoned me the night before. Something important. He wanted me badly, he had said, and there had been urgency in his voice. *But certainly, I thought, not just to discover his suicide!*

I waited in the outer office and greeted the employees as they came in. I herded them all into one corner of the office and gave them the shock treatment, watching them closely. The responses were many and varied. For some loved the old man and some hated him. But I couldn't see murder there... not for sure, anyway. I phoned the police then.

The law was already there when William Sickle arrived. Sergeant Carlson and I went with him into the old man's office. I watched the color drain from Sickle's face, watched him stagger to his office and sit sobbing at his desk. Over and over he said: "He had so many worries, so many responsibilities! He should have retired! He should have retired!"

"Or have called for me earlier!" I said grimly.

Sickle looked up in astonishment. "Do you mean that... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" His lips were drawn white.

"That you've been peddling info. That Burns caught on. You see... he talked enough to convict you before he died! He lived just long enough to label you a dirty Red!"

Sickle went berserk and fumbled in his drawer. But I caught him on the chin before he could get the gun into action, and Sickle folded.

Sergeant Carlson asked: "Why did you keep it secret, Douglas, if you suspected Sickle?"

I replied: "It was a shot in the dark, fingering Sickle. But I didn't think Burns was the type for suicide. And of all the doors leading to Burns's office, the one between his office and Sickle's was the only one that didn't squeak." I pointed to the hinges and to the spot on the rug beneath the bottom hinge. "Look. Those hinges were **OILED RECENTLY!** See the **FRESH OIL SPOTS ON THE CARPET?** Sickle didn't want Burns to hear **HIM ENTERING**... not even when he was about to blow the old man's brains out!"

I'VE BEEN AROUND, BELIEVE ME, EUROPE DURING THE WAR, SPAIN BEFORE THAT. I'M TONY HUNTER OF PLANETARY NEWS, AND NOW HONG KONG. BUT BROTHER, I NEVER SPENT A ROUGHER AFTERNOON THAN THE ONE THAT GAVE ME THE GREATEST STORY OF MY CAREER.



THE

DRAGON'S DEATH'S

I WENT TO INTERVIEW A PROMINENT HONG KONG MERCHANT THAT AFTERNOON, A MR. SKYTHE.

THEY CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME, MR. HUNTER, EVEN IF THEY HAVE KILLED THREE OF MY FRIENDS WITH THEIR DAGGERS AND SILLY DRAGON DRAWINGS, AND ANYWAY, I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT!

BELIEVE WHAT, SIR?



THAT THE CHINESE OF THIS CITY HAVE TURNED AGAINST EUROPEANS, AND WANT THEM OUT AND THE COMMUNISTS! THE INFORMED CHINESE HAVE NO USE FOR THE COMMUNISTS! ALL THIS POPPYCOCK ABOUT THE CHINESE SIGNING THEIR MURDERS WITH THE DRAGON SYMBOL!!



AND THEN IT HAPPENED! I SAW MY FIRST AND LAST 'DRAGON' MURDER!

WHY, MY CHINESE FRIENDS SAY OOOOHHHH!

MR. SKYTHE!



IT WAS NO USE SAYING SHE WAS DEAD. I LOOKED AT THE CRUDE DRAGON SCRAWLED AS A DEATH SYMBOL IN A BELL RANG.

HHMM! SOMETHING'S HORRIBLE IN HONG KONG... AND MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHAT I THINK I'LL PAY A CALL ON THE BROTHERS SCHMIDT!



THE SCHMIDT BROTHERS RAN A HIGH CLASS CLOD JOINT. I'D NEVER SEEN THEM, HOWEVER, I KNEW THEIR SISTER SIGRID WHO RAN THE SHOP FOR THEM.



YES! I'D KNOWN SIGRID, FOR THAT MATTER... AND EVERY MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND WANTED TO KIDNAP HER BETTER.

HELLO, MR. HUNTER, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING? YES, I AM. A DAGGER, VERY FANCY, CARVED JADE, ABOUT THIS LONG. I SAW IT HERE THE OTHER DAY.



I'D ONLY BEEN PLAYING A NUNCH... BUT FROM SIGRID'S EXPRESSION, IT SAID DIFF.

AH, A DAGGER? WHY WE HAVE LOTS OF MANY DAGGERS. YOU KNOW WHICH ONE I MEAN? IS IT GONE? SOMEBODY BUY IT? SIGRID! COME IN HERE!!



I KNEW I'D STRUCK PAY DIRT WHEN I HEARD THAT GUTTURAL VOICE BEHIND THE CURTAINS. ONE OF THE BROTHERS SCHMIDT. SO I WAITED FOR SIGRID.



AND WHEN SHE CAME BACK, SHE REALLY CAME ON.

MR. HUNTER, TONY, IF YOU'LL JUST BE PATIENT, WE'LL FIND THE DAGGER FOR YOU... SURE, BABY, WE'LL FIND IT...



SURE, I KNEW SHE WAS STALLING ME, SO I GAVE HER THE BRUSH.

STICKING IN MY BACK! NO THANKS, I'D RATHER GO TALK TO THE POLICE... I'M AFRAID WE CANT ALLOW THAT.



WELL, THE BROTHERS SCHINDLER AS KURT AND HANS HIRSCH, LATE OF THE S.S. AND WANTED WAR CRIMINALS! I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURES IN THE FILES, BOYS!

TOO BAD FOR YOU HUNTER!

I'LL HOLD HIM! KILL HIM, QUICKLY!

OH OH! I FORGOT ABOUT YOU SWEET LADY! BUT THOUGH I TRY NEVER TO HIT A LADY...



MY MOTHER NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT HITTING SOMEBODY ELSE WITH A LADY!

UNNNNNN!

YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL HANS! GETTING SOFT!

SWINE! YOU DIE LIKE THE OTHER DOGS!



SEE YOU IN JAIL, BOYS! TOO BAD THEY CAN'T HANG YOU MORE ONCE!



KURT REACHED OUT AND GOT MY ANKLE, AND HE ALSO HAD A CLUB THAT WAS ABOUT TO BASH MY BRAINS OUT!

NOW, MR. HUNTER!



ALL I COULD DO WAS THIST AND ROLL IN AND HEAD FOR COVER.



BUT HANS WASN'T GIVING UP.

OOOFF!

MISS NUMBER TWO HANSIE!



BUT ONCE MORE I'D FORGOTTEN DARLING SIGRID! SHE CAME AT ME LIKE A MOTHER TIGER.

YOU FILTHY AMERICAN! I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT!

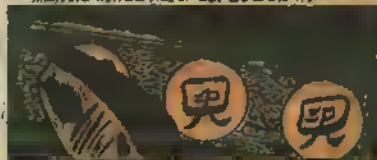


AND DUHH WE WENT! SIGRID BOUNCED LOOSE FOR A MINUTE AND HERE CAME THE BLOOD-SEEKING BROTHERS AGAIN! CREEPING IN! BLOODY!

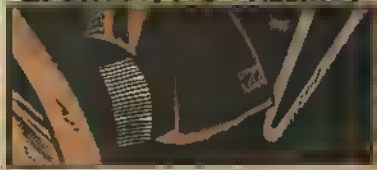
WE HAVE HIM NOW FOR SURE, HANS!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I WAS THERE FOR ME, AND MAYBE ALL OF US! SO I DID IT!



LOOKOUT! IT'S FALLING!



AAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!



IT'D SO AS THE NIGHT TO ALL MURDER, THE COPS CAME.

I DON'T SEE IT, HUNTER. IF THESE PEOPLE WERE CONFIRMED NAZIS, WHY WERE THEY COMMITTING MURDERS THAT COULD HELP THE REDS?

I'LL TELL YOU WHY YOU DIRTY BLOODED NON-ARYANS!



BECAUSE WE WORK WITH ANYONE TO OVERTHROW YOU POOL BELIEVERS IN FREEDOM! WE WORK TO DESTROY YOU! AND WHEN YOU ARE GONE... **THEN** WE WILL TURN ON THE ONES WE HAVE HELPED AND WE WILL DESTROY THEM AND RULE THE WORLD! **THE DAY WILL COME!**

MAKES YOU SICK, DOESN'T IT INSPECTOR? I GUESS WE'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT FANATIC KILLERS THE NAZIS WERE, AND ARE!



WELL, THAT'S TRUE, BUT WHATEVER PUT YOU ONTO THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE, HUNTER?

THEIR DRAWING OF THE DRAGON. FIRST OF ALL, THE CHINESE WOULD NEVER USE A DRAGON AS A SYMBOL OF DEATH. THE CHINESE DRAGON MEANS GOOD LUCK, NOT DEATH.



"BUT THE NAZI KILLER DRAGON" THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. THEY WERE DUMB ENOUGH TO DRAW THE WRONG ONE. THEY FORGOT THAT THE NAZI DRAGON HAS ONLY **THREE** CLAWS... **BUT THE CHINESE HAS FIVE!**





DEATH!!

I thought death had come, for the shot had cracked out of the blackness of the night, and I had sunk down and lay there and then had blacked out. Now I was dimly conscious in a very thick-witted way. My clothes were soaked. At first I thought: *I have bled a great deal.* But reason told me that if I had bled that much I would not be coming to. I would be dead. So I told myself that it must have rained during the night.

Somebody had shot me and it had to be Jaek Whitney or Bill Baron. And whoever had shot me, also had shot the other party. If it was Whitney, then Baron had been shot, too. If Baron, then Whitney had a slug in him.

It was hard to rise. I was weak, and cold with chills, yet my head burned and my pulses throbbed. I remembered getting up when I heard someone out in the brush, a little way from camp. There was movement around either Baron's or Whitney's pup tent. There had been the shot and I had managed to light my flash. Then the second shot had sunk me. I realized it was daylight now and that I was some distance from where I had fallen. I had been dragged here, to the very edge of the steep drop. Why hadn't I been shoved over?

There had been the sound of motors in the air. I remembered now. That must have awakened me. Helicopter! I saw it beyond the camp... on the plateau. And I saw police! But how could they have heard the shooting? We were forty miles from any city or town, here in the mountains! Of course there was our short-wave radio. But why would the survivor call the police in? He was the killer... or would-be killer.

I staggered toward camp then. It was hard

going. Nothing checked. Of course, I knew the reason for the shooting. The three of us had come up here in the mountains, partners. Whitney with the map he had found in his attie... the one his great-uncle had sworn showed the rich vein of gold ore. I was there because I was a mining engineer. Baron had financed the trip. It would be a three-way split. Now someone wanted it all.

The police saw me and came to help me. Baron was there, so I knew it was he who had done the damage. As he talked I got the picture. A fine picture!

Baron said: "Last night about ten I heard a noise outside. I got up, and found Jaek Whitney and Roy Delaney"—meaning me—"in a rough and tumble fight. I heard Jaek say, 'Don't do it, Roy! Please!' and Roy answered, 'When I get you I'm going after Baron!' I ran to help Jaek, but before I could get to him, Roy fired, sent Jaek hurtling over the cliffside!"

"You liar!" I snarled, and my head didn't throb now. I was too sore.

But Baron paid no attention. He went on: "I grabbed at Roy and got hold of his gun. It went off in the scuffle. Just before he fell, he shoved me. I also went over the cliffside." He walked to the edge, pointed downward. "But he only shoved me as he fell, and I caught on those branches and landed on that ledge... You can see where the ground is scuffed! I stayed there till daylight, and then climbed up, and put through the short-wave call to you!"

It was pretty. Very pretty. But suddenly I laughed out loud. "What's so funny?" asked the officer.

"Just tell me one thing, officer," I said, and I was still laughing. "what time did it rain last night?"

"About two A.M.," the cop replied, and then I saw the light in his face.

I also saw Baron yanking the gun from his holster. I socked him and laid him flat. "Baron's the killer, all right," I said. "He killed Jaek Whitney and tried to frame me."

"Yeah," said the officer. "He must have climbed down that cliffside at daylight, scuffed the ledge up and climbed back. Maybe with a rope."

"And after it rained," I said grinning. "We brought only the clothes we're wearing, and his are dry as bone!"



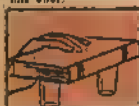
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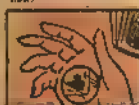
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Amazing New French Undergarment Girdle Makes You Look Your Best in New Fashions

Never before has a flesh control girdle been designed right along with the styles. These wonderful most flattering new styles will make you look more lovely than you dreamed—but only if you wear them properly. TUMMY-TRIM brings a new shapeliness and feminine youthfulness to your figure. For the first time in a popular priced girdle it takes advantage of French coutouriers' insight into womanly allure. Leading designers actually applauded when they saw the amazing slimming action of the criss-cross tension-malders.

HIDE FAT BULGES INSTANTLY BY CROSS-PULL ACTIONS

Exciting new fashions emphasize your womanly loveliness and are more form-fitting and revealing. But the fashions of any season require a flat, smooth tummy. If you have just bought a new dress, you'll be astounded at our designers were when they saw the wonder-working, shaping magic of TUMMY-TRIM. Bulges disappear! Your tummy is flattened and held in its natural position. Even your waistline is smoothed and made more supple. Incidentally, TUMMY-TRIM does a much more flattering job on your figure than the outworn waist-chinchers so widely sold these days.

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Automatically adjusts for perfect fit. On or on in a jiffy. Lightweight . . . boneless. Extra strength, extra stretch, all-elastic Wonder-Wab. Reinforced for long wear. Four 10-inch adjustable garters. Guaranteed to combine style and quality, or no cost. Extra flattening—extra flattening. Girdle that walks with you . . . never will ride up.

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Wear TUMMY-TRIM with or without a girdle. TUMMY-TRIM is in reality an entirely new kind of lightweight girdle. Its extra FLATTENING pressure is due to the criss-cross design plus a new strength elastic that stretches and adjusts automatically to shape your figure. Solid comfort! Better, more attractive patterned. Equally made TUMMY-TRIM will actually improve your figure instantly. The easy trim completes its all-feminine picture. The four extra-length adjustable garters are scientifically placed for comfort and to gladden your legs.



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Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia arith (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the aid and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, brittle, and without gloss. A dry flakey dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. The scalp is red and itchy and increases with the progress of the disease.

2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is wet and sticky and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. This loss is worst with baldness in the end stage.

Many doctors agree that in **NEGLECT** (the symptoms of **DRY** and **OILY SEBORRHEA**) is to **INVOKE BALDNESS**.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms - *Staphylococcus albus*, *Microsporum ovale*, and *Coccidiobacillus*.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-natal development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms in contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps **STOP HAIR LOSS** due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more natural and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then satisfied, and finally converted to the principles of Comate Medicinal Formula.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES Caused by Seborrhea

A — Dandruff; B — Hair death owing to seborrhea; C — *Staphylococcus albus*; D — *Microsporum ovale*; E — *Coccidiobacillus*.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing helped. I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better."
—H.C. R.E.J., Silverton, Ark.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff. My head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all the formulas I have used."
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and this last 10 days has been one of a very bad case of dry seborrhea."
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do not say that just within five days I have observed a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and reliable formula."
—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."
—J.N., Stoughton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."
—R.W., Louisville, Ky.

"I have just had my trouble with dandruff place (started using Comate)."
—L.W.W., Canton, Tex.

"This formula is everything of not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it is doing for my hair."
—T.J., Los Angeles, New Mexico.

"I do not mean to brag and praise the hair formula. I am thankful for the help of hair given me in 1924 to the terrible itching."
—G.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done me hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 20 years. It has improved so much."
—Mr. J.E., Lubbock, Tex.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or oily—only if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our **GUARANTY POLICY** assures the return of your money unless delighted, so why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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